

BLACK MAGIC

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TREASURE FROM
THE MUMMY'S TOMB

HOLLYWOOD'S 'SIN INN'

GALS, GLANDS
AND GIMMICKS

THE LEPRECHAUN'S
SEX HEX

ADULTS ONLY





Black Magic

VOL. 3 NO. 4

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GERTIE'S GARDEN HOSE





If you're ever lucky enough to be in the company of a bevy of beautiful babes (and there's a lull in the conversation), ask the chicks who enjoy spending a day hoe-hoe-hoeing in the garden to take three steps forward. Chances are you'll draw a blank, for your average doll shies away from muscle-building pursuits. But if Gertie Gillory is a member of your beauty bevy, she'll admit to being a gamin who digs the gardening gig. If Gertie's in one of her candid moods, she's likely to further admit that she likes to wear her nylon hose, and very little else, while raking leaves, mowing the lawn, fertilizing her camellias, clipping the hedges, and puttingter around her potted plants.





Gertie's not one of those "once-in-a-blue-moon" kind of gardeners, either. She gets out in the greenery on the average of two or three times a week, and each work stint usually lasts most of the afternoon. She's not the least bit squeamish about getting dirt on her hands, or having an insect crawl up her arm. She coolly conks a bold bug with her shovel, and once even dispatched a gopher that popped out of the ground by snapping at it with her garter. Gertie's garter did the job nicely!



Gertie bought her nearly new pad a little over a year ago, and if she maintains her gardening pace for any length of time, her back yard will surely be converted to a paradisiacal retreat, the likes of which haven't been seen since Adam and Eve's era. Between sessions of applying her sweet sinews to the serious business of digging and raking, Gertie takes her ease under a shade tree, stretched out on a stone bench, usually with something tall and cool to sip by her side. Occasionally, the surcease from her exertions turns out to be so pleasant that she drops off to sleep for an hour or so, despite the stone bench's obvious disadvantages. Then she awakens, refreshed and raring to go, and soon another big hunk of gardening chores bites the dust. If the press of other commitments keeps her from her digging gig, Gertie usually makes up for lost time by working extra-long her next time out. Let's face it, the forces of evil, as represented by the common garden-weed, don't stand a chance against this one-gal crusade for GOOD gardening!







Paralyzed, I saw Mashallah take shape
out of the cloud of phosphorescence.

TREASURE FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB

By RICHARD L. SARGENT

She came to him across the centuries from ancient Egypt, with a promise of eternal life—and a heart filled with vengeance!

Alice Gibbs' trim figure moved in and out between the drafting tables with the grace of a ballet dancer as she distributed drawings and interplant memos. Occasionally her green eyes met mine with a wait-a-minute look that made waiting hard.

Alice is a pert honey blonde about five-three. Tell her she's gorgeous and she'll tell you she isn't at all—first, because she's three pounds overweight, her legs are too long, her backside sticks out too far, her breasts are too big, and she can never get her hair to look right.

But she could never find a man who would agree with her devastating self-appraisal. She draws more male sighs than any of the thousand other young girls employed by Juxton Missile Industries.

Just seeing her come into the drafting room brought home the

agonizing thought that I could marry this lovely girl tomorrow if it were not for Mashallah.

Alice stopped at my drafting table and leafed through her tray. "Nothing for you but love and kisses."

"That's all I want," I told her, gently taking her hand in mine and wondering how to explain my latest maneuver against Mashallah. "I took an apartment near the park. Moved in last night."

"Why? We'll be married next month and then we'll just have to—" "I had a good reason."

"Too many women camped on your welcome mat?"

She was kidding, but had come close enough to the truth. "No, just—I mean . . ." I let the words trail off.

She laid the mail tray aside.

"What kind of mess has my boy fallen into now?"

I felt a surge of temptation to tell her everything, but fought it down. "It's just something I have to work out before we can be married."

I might as well try to tell her I owned a flying saucer than convince her Mashallah existed.

Her lower lip slid into a childish pout. "All right for you," she said and started to leave.

I reached out and patted her hip.

She squealed indignantly, turned around and lightly slapped me. "Larry, I've told you before, you shouldn't do that."

The other draftsmen and I roared as she ran out of the room blushing.

During the rest of the day, I concentrated on my work, and it wasn't until evening that the problem of Mashallah troubled me again.

I tried not to think about her as I went about straightening up my new apartment. But as the hours passed, my nerves tightened up. The

slightest sound caused me to look apprehensively around the room. The ashtrays began to fill with my half-smoked cigarettes.

Shortly after midnight, I slipped into bed and reluctantly turned off the lights. The silence seemed unbearable. I would no more than close my eyes than some imagined sound made me sit up and look into the darkest corners of the room.

I turned over, pulled the covers tightly around my throat and told myself I had to get to sleep. The vague sensation of drifting into unconsciousness had just begun to float over me when the faint scent of myrrh brought me wide awake.

I sat up and looked around the room. Beads of sweat chilled my forehead; my stomach muscles contracted like a huge iron claw . . . and I knew she was in the room.

A slow whining sound began, as if a miniature cyclone were building up in the center of the room.

At the foot of my bed I saw a whirling cloud of phosphorescence already taking shape, and my hands twisted the sheets, squeezing them

into tight wads. Paralyzed, I watched the cloud contract and become Mashallah Naguib.

She stood very still, her black eyes hypnotically holding mine. Black glossy hair and bright red lips accentuated her delicate golden face, giving it the appearance of finely molded copper. Through her sheer linen robe, golden ornaments glistened and the ruby eyes of her golden cobra diadem sparkled in the moonlight from the nearby window.

She raised her hands to shoulder height, stretching them toward me, and her high, clear, musical voice broke the stillness of the room as she drifted forward.

"Larry my darling, how could you doubt that I would come? I am with you always."

She sat down on the bed, and I shuddered as her hand clasped mine. Her hand was lighter than mortal flesh, but seemingly solid and quite warm to the touch.

"Why won't you leave me alone?" I whispered.

"You know only too well," she answered. "We belong to one another; it has been thus since the beginning of time and shall be until the end."

The tall, very slim and lovely girl who sat beside me on the bed was the Ka, or spirit, of Mashallah. In her last life, she was the daughter of an Egyptian who had been exiled. Her father brought her to the United States. Two years ago, I became infatuated with the occult. As a result, I met an old man in a bookshop specializing in the occult literature, and he invited me to a meeting of the cult of Kalgnos. I accepted eagerly, and it was at that meeting that I met Mashallah. I was awed by her. Not only was she the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, but I felt a strange electricity between us. The instant she looked into my eyes I knew we had met before.

The following night, she performed a private ritual in the secret temple of Kalgnos. We knelt before a stone altar and the only light in the twenty-foot square gray stone chamber was from incense that



LUNDER

"You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy."

burned with a weird green flame at the peak of a miniature pyramid. She uttered incantations, took my hand in hers and bid me look into the flame. I did, losing consciousness.

I awakened in a dream world. We were standing in a burial chamber. There were gold objects all around us and directly in front of us two huge white stone sarcophagi. At a word from her, the lids lifted to reveal golden-cased mummies.

Hers and mine!

She told me that three thousand years before Christ, we had been lovers. Though each of us had undergone many incarnations since, we had never found each other. In that first life, she said, we had been murdered and thereby denied a life together. It was written that we would go on being reincarnated until we found each other again. Only then would we enter the realm of the gods to dwell in happiness for all eternity. The only thing that could prevent the fulfillment of destiny was if our tomb was found and the mummies desecrated, for if the mummy is destroyed, so is the Ka.

This belief was universal in ancient Egypt, and the reason the kings built pyramids to protect their mummies. But the pyramids attracted grave robbers who thought nothing of cutting through the wrappings to steal the rings and other jewels. Our tomb, Mashallah explained, was so well hidden in a remote valley that it had remained undiscovered for almost five thousand years.

After that night, we became lovers—and practitioners of the ancient rituals of Kalganos. We intended to live out our lives just as we would have lived them together centuries ago. When death came to us, we would pass over into that other life and dwell in the house of the gods forever.

Two weeks before we were to be married, it happened. We were swimming at the beach one afternoon and the riptides caught us. I was dragged from the surf unconscious but Mashallah had drowned.

Afterward, I lost all interest in

the occult. I had loved Mashallah, but I had to either forget her or go insane. I almost convinced myself that her story of our past life was nothing but romantic nonsense that we'd believed only because we wanted to. And then, several months after Mashallah's funeral, I met Alice.

Now, in my bedroom, it was as though Mashallah had read my thoughts as she said, "And from the realm of Kalganos, by virtue of his kindness, I have returned to claim you. It is written in the book of the gods that we were never to be separated. Now we will have the right to live in the land below the Nile for all time."

Her expression hardened and her voice seemed tinged with bitterness as she said, "We died too young in that time so long ago, and now for me, it has happened again. Oh, I wanted these years here—how very much I wanted them, but you—" She seemed to catch herself.

Her voice became soft and seductive again. "But you could not know of the riptides, nor that we were too far out to reach shore safely. I don't blame you for my death; I only want us to be together again. You have a gun in the drawer of the nightstand. It is your passage to the garden of the dead and all my eternal love."

"No, Mashallah. I'm in love with someone else now. We're going to be married. If all you say is true, it will do no harm to let me live out this life with Alice. When it is over, I will join you. If we truly have waited five thousand years, what can a few more matter?"

Her eyes flamed with anger. "Do you think I want to see you share a life with another woman?" Then she seemed to force the anger away. "Oh, let us not argue."

She leaned forward, pressing me against the pillow. Her lips met mine, and their touch sent little sparks of white heat shooting through me. She slipped the covers away and pressed her soft, warm body against mine. Raising her head, she looked into my eyes. A slight smile of triumph was on her lips.

The spice-scent of her breath was like an irresistible narcotic. I put my arms around her and again we kissed. My resistance faded, replaced by the growing desire to possess her. My hands roved over her exquisite body.

She broke the kiss and looked down at me. "You want me," she said, "as much as I want you." She laughed in teasing affection. "But will I allow it?" Her hand grasped and caressed me. "Oh, yes, my love, I will."

We were bound then in a lovers' knot of throbbing passion. We were as two beams of golden light in the darkness, one merging into the other, eclipsing, until we were totally as one, flaring ever more brilliantly in a blinding, ecstatic flow . . .

When it was over, she moved away and said, "This girl you want to marry—can she make you feel like that?"

I could not answer. I believed it possible, but Alice was not like most girls. Everyone we knew assumed we were sleeping together. In actuality, she was a virgin, and wanted to remain one until after we were married.

"You know she cannot compare," Mashallah said. "And what we have had just now, we can enjoy as often as we wish, if only you will come with me. Darling, take the gun from the drawer . . ."

It was difficult to think. Gazing into Mashallah's hypnotic black eyes, I wanted her. Yes, at that moment, I loved her. I would do as she asked and go with her. Yet, that seemed wrong. "I—I can't."

"We belong together. Anubis shall lead you safely through the perils of the land of darkness. Thoth shall record that your heart does not outweigh a feather. Osiris and Kalganos will welcome you to the heaven of peace and beauty and we shall live there in happiness for all eternity. Come with me, my love, for it is all written."

Vaguely, I was aware that my hand had descended to the drawer of the nightstand and I held the gun.

(continued on page 51)

BLONDE KITTEN FROM BRITAIN



Great Britain has long been our stanchest ally, through the dark days of world wars and during the periods of peace in between. And we'd like to see that alliance continue in perpetuity—or at least as long as England continues to send us such lovelies as Delilah Dawes!







The legendary hotel (above) had a Black Sea-shaped swimming pool.

HOLLYWOOD'S 'SIN INN'

By PETE LA ROCHE

The kooks and swingers of show biz really found a home at the dear, departed Garden of Allah, Hollywood's all-time hippest hostelry.

Hark!

The group congregated about the lounging area by the pool fell silent.

Then as soon as it was ascertained which cottage or villa of this, the renowned Garden of Allah, was the noisiest, it was invaded by a building and loan association) for her country home.

That was called the Game of Listening. And it set the tone for the most unique spot in all of old Hollywood, the fabled Garden of Allah—called home by more of the show biz and literary greats than any spot before or since.

Here lived, loved, drank and fought a most impressive list of "names," headed by Robert Benchley, Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Ernest Hemingway, Tallulah Bankhead, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Lili Damita, Marlene Dietrich, Orson Welles, Roland Young, Fanny Brice . . . a fair sampling of the greats that once made Hollywood The Magic Land of the Worshipped Idols.

The Garden of Allah was the crea-

tion of the great silent-screen actress, Alla Nazimova, the first actress to be billed as a movie star. In 1921 she chose a spot "far out" on Sunset Boulevard (corner of Crescent Heights at what is now the start of the "Strip," and now occupied by a building and loan association) for her country home.

At the height of her fame, Nazimova was a wealthy woman, and she built with a lavish hand in the tradition of the screen stars of that era.

The vast swimming pool was made in the shape of the Black Sea.

Her swank villa showed the influence of the Far East, and shrubs and plants from the South Seas gave the place an air of calm and ease.

By 1926, the "Strip" was on its way, and Nazimova—having unwisely financed pictures that were heavily accented on "Art," and which were less than successful—decided to convert her home into a hotel.

Thus began the legend of the Garden of Allah. Being semi-secluded yet handy to the studios, night clubs, bars and other way stations, it soon became the place where the movie crowd congregated.

As the residents began to overflow the hotel, 30 cottages and villas were built. The most famous of the villas was Number 20, occupied by Robert Benchley. It was called the Bear Trap. Here there was 24-hour bar service, and if Benchley wasn't there, Charlie Butterworth or anyone who was handy did the honors.

One Saturday night as the Garden was preparing for what promised to be quite an evening, Butterworth looked out of Benchley's window and said:

"H-mmmm, looks like it's going to get drunk out tonight."

One Sunday afternoon as the habitues were sitting around the pool, a man and woman—quite obviously tourists—barged in on them. The man shouted: "There they are! You wanted to see movie stars, well, take a look at them!"



Robert Benchley occupied Number 20.



Bogart (shown with Lauren Bacall) stayed at the inn.



W. C. Fields told off a pompous lady.



"Handy" Charles Butterworth, with Paulette Goddard.



Marlene Dietrich graced the night life.

Then he grabbed his wife's arm and hustled her out.

"Dammit," Benchley cried. "What the devil do they mean by letting normal people in here!"

Benchley's quip to the contrary, many "normal" people resided at the Garden. During its years, it accommodated such talented persons as Paul Whiteman, writer Donald Odgen Stewart, organist Ethel Smith, Lucius Beebe, author Louis Untermeyer, designer Milo Andersen, Gertrude Lawrence, Cole Porter and others, who used the Garden of Allah as a base to study, rehearse and create some fine music, literature and art.

In its early days, it was the center of movie and social functions. Many of the elite used the Garden as a show place for weddings. Social clubs and other organizations held their dinners and meetings at the hotel, which had the added advantage of a liberal sprinkling of show greats on hand.

Nazimova continued to live in one of the villas until she passed away in 1945. She was somewhat aloof and her privacy was respected. But she also was a gracious person, and while not given to the hail-fellow-well-met intermingling that the Garden was famous for, she visited and was well liked by all.

As the "tone" of the Garden began to establish itself, more and more of the names that were to make Hollywood famous and even notorious, migrated to this unconventional spot.

Errol Flynn moved in . . . and the action immediately stepped up. This was at the time when he was quite captivated with Lili Damita—and she was out to land Flynn. So she also moved to the Garden of Allah. She was tiny, very French, possessed of an unusual amount of fire, and (according to Flynn) was so proficient in the art of love-making that he wondered how anyone so young could have acquired such vast knowledge. He decided that being French, she had been born with it.

Lili was violently jealous, and whenever she caught Errol with another woman, the war was on. In one free-for-all, she laid him out with a champagne bottle. Flynn woke up in the hospital.

In the Game of Listening, Errol Flynn, during his occupancy, found himself the unwilling host in so many instances that a committee was formed to present him, as the all-time winner, with the Hark Award—a case of Scotch, which led to a two-day celebration.

Director Eddie Goulding, a good friend of Flynn's who had been on the receiving end of the actor's practical jokes, waited for his chance at revenge. It came when Errol, engaged in a continual round of battles with Lili, told Goulding that he never wanted to see another fiery actress.

Goulding waited until Flynn had a grueling week's work of filming *They Died With Their Boots On.*

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HIP SPIRIT'S VOODOO BEAT

Sally Winton isn't really convinced that there's anything at all to voodoo and the other occult persuasions, but she's a hip-enough spirit to at least give the supernatural bit a try.









Sal seems to be gamely putting her entire shapely self into the task of getting in touch with the spirit world. If she should succeed, however, Sally'd probably turn out to be one very frightened chick who'd quickly scramble for a safe place!



"I'll look for the leprechaun at the bottom of the lake," Helene said.

THE LEPRECHAUN'S SEX HEX

By HARRY NEAL

Reilly was doomed to a life without women—unless he could force the leprechaun to lift its double-whammy.

It could have happened only in Ireland.

The night was dark, because the moon was hidden behind clouds . . . the night was warm, because it was summer . . . the night was quiet, because the little lake was two miles from the nearest town . . . the night was fragrant, because flowers everywhere were in bloom.

What a night for love-making in a rowboat! Reilly thought glumly, as he sat in the rowboat—alone.

He'd met the girl, Patricia O'Hara, at a party. At first things had appeared to be shaping up very nicely—with Patricia's shape the nicest he'd seen in a long time. They'd necked a little, and she had agreed to the boat ride. But the second

Reilly made his pass, out in the center of the lake, she'd angrily demanded to be taken back to the dock. Then her car had vanished into the night.

Reilly stood up to climb onto the rickety wharf. "This is all cockeyed," he grumbled aloud. "Here am I, walking home from a *boatride*!"

"You made your pass too quickly," a voice said. "You Amer-



icans have a lot to learn about Irish girls."

Reilly peered down over the side of the boat, and nearly fell out of it in amazement. He knelt and put his face close to the water for a better look.

A tiny figure was floating below the lake's surface, about two feet down. The figure was no more than eighteen inches long. It wore a green

outfit, tight pants and jacket, and a tan peaked cap. Its face was wizened, ageless. It floated horizontally, arms crossed, almost as if it were reclining on something. Its tiny eyes looked up through the water at Reilly.

"What are you?" Reilly gasped.

"I'm a water leprechaun," the creature said. "This is my lake."

"A leprechaun," Reilly whispered.

"May the saints preserve us."

"Spoken like a true son of Eire," the leprechaun said. "But you're still an American, unfortunately—three generations removed from the old soil. That's why I flubbed your chances with the O'Hara girl. You Americans work too fast for our fair flower of Irish maidenhood. It's not proper." The leprechaun bobbed nearer to the surface of the water.

"How are you enjoying your vacation, by the way?"

"Fine, until tonight," Reilly said. "Say, how come you know so much about me, anyway?" He paused. "And whaddaya mean, *you flubbed my chances with that—*"

"I disapproved of your approach," the leprechaun said. "Therefore I stepped in and made her angry. You needed the lesson."

"Oh, you *did*," Reilly said ominously. "And who the hell gave you the right to interfere with my love life?"

"It happened on my lake," the leprechaun said serenely. It wrinkled its nose. "In addition to approaching the matter of seduction like a bulldozer, you also smell like a distillery."

"How can you smell my breath through water?"

"Oh, I can," the leprechaun said. Its voice was a little wistful. "It's good Irish whisky you've been drinking—Old Bushmill's, if I'm right."

"You're right," Reilly said. He shifted, to grip the handle of an oar with both hands. "I had a few. Say—would you come a little closer? I'll probably never see a leprechaun again, and I'd like to get a better look."

"Certainly." The leprechaun floated up to within an inch or so of the surface.

Reilly swung the oar. It hit the water with a *SPLAT!*! Droplets flew and ripples spread out. "You lousy meddling little sonuva—!" Reilly yelled. He stared down into the water. The leprechaun had disappeared. "*Gotcha!*" Reilly breathed in satisfaction.

"Oh, no," said the leprechaun's voice behind him. "I was expecting that."

Reilly whirled. The leprechaun was perched on the edge of the wharf, safely beyond the range of the oar.

"Apparently you need a harder lesson," the leprechaun said sadly. "Very well. Here is my curse upon you. *As long as you are in Ireland, you will not be able to enjoy the embraces of a woman!*" The leprechaun looked at Reilly's defiant expression, and shook its head. "Please

understand that I bear you no malice. I'm not even angry that you attacked me. My only objective is to make a gentleman of you, with the fine young maidens of Eire."

Reilly threw the oar.

It reversed directions in mid-air, flew back and clipped Reilly on the temple. He started to topple into the water, unconscious. The leprechaun waved a hand, and Reilly also reversed direction. He slumped backward, to the bottom of the boat.

Next day, Reilly nursed a lump on his head and a monumental headache. He called his advertising firm in New York—his weekly check-in—to see if anything had come up that needed his attention.

"You sound terrible, boss," said Madeleine, his secretary. "What's wrong?"

"I had a run-in with a leprechaun," Reilly said grimly.

"Female variety, no doubt. And now you're hung-over."

"In a rowboat," Reilly said.

"Ah," said Madeleine. "It makes me think of *our* little rendezvous last summer, on Central Park Lake."

"Frankly," Reilly said, "I wish you were here now."

"So do I," she murmured. "Of course, I'm married now."

"At least you're not guarded by a leprechaun," Reilly said bitterly.

"You are hung-over, aren't you!"

"Forget it," Reilly said. They finished business talk, and he hung up.

He took out his little black book—the one he'd started upon his arrival in Dublin a month ago.

He ran his finger down names, nodded, and called Susie MacNamara. She was a stunning little Irish colleen . . . a registered nurse . . . and a mighty hot piece of womanhood. His toes tingled as he remembered her embraces.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Reilly," said Susie MacNamara's mother, on the phone. "Susie's in London for the week on a modeling job. She got the call late last night, and took right off."

"Tell her I called," Reilly said. He ran his finger down black-book names again and stopped at Lynne O'Casey.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Reilly," said Lynne O'Casey's father, on the phone. "Lynne's got a terrible cold. Came down with it suddenly, last night. Faith, and what a fever and cough! She's in bed. I'll tell her you called."

Reilly dialed another number.

Maggie Flanahan had switched to working on the nightshift.

Another number.

Maureen Connery was visiting a sick relative in Cork.

Other numbers:

Shawn Mitchell had come down with a cold—*last night* . . .

Terry Wayne had come down with a cold—*last night* . . .

Peg Shaw's fiance had arrived unexpectedly in town *last night*, on shore leave . . .

Reilly stared at his reflection in the glass of the phone booth. "In every case," he mused, "something happened *last night* to take them out of circulation. Oh, that lousy little leprechaun! Before I leave for the States, I'll *dynamite* that lake!"

There was one name left in his black book. He scowled at it. Helene Rourke. He'd met her at a business party during his first week in Dublin. A quiet, kind of mousy girl. Not beautiful, but pretty—not a great figure, but adequate. She was a private secretary with some export firm.

Reilly had put her name in his black book for one reason only: his experienced eye had told him that she was greatly attracted to him, though he found her no great shakes. Therefore into the book she went, as something possibly to fall back on, as it were.

He sighed, and dialed her number. *And she answered!*

"Oh, Mr. Reilly," she breathed. "I've been wondering if you'd ever call . . ."

"I've been in Scotland on business," he lied. "But I haven't been able to get you out of my mind, Helene . . . not since our one regrettable brief meeting. I'd like to see you again."

"I'd like it too, Mr. Reilly," said her soft voice.

"How about tonight?" he said.
(continued on page 56)

WITCHES OF THE WILDWOOD



If old man weather runs true to form, winter will soon relinquish its hold on us and slowly, reluctantly yield in favor of the gentler offerings of spring. Trees will send out new shoots, incipient flowers will fight for a place in the sun, and wildwood streams, fed by the melting snows, will race vivaciously through the forests. So will the nature-loving nellies who are anxiously awaiting spring's call to action.







As with all the other phenomena of nature, the real wonder of our flighty flock of country cavorters is their infinite variety. So don't try to come to any sweeping conclusions about these gals in the glades and glens. Just rejoice in their pixie presence on earth.





When on a jaunt in the wilds, most of us are more likely to run across a silver-throated sparrow or gossamer-winged grebe than a blonde-thatched woodwaif, but there's always hope, of course. In any event, spring is a-comin' in, and when it does, these wildwood witches are a-comin' out!





THE WIT PIT



THE WINNER

A pair of panties, a brassiere and a slip were hanging on the line one day. After a while, the three of them began to gossip.

The brassiere said: "I'm the best. I cover what men admire."

The panties said: "No, I'm the best. I cover what men desire."

The slip shouted: "Will you two shut up—I've been up all night."

TOO MUCH

The shy young man was having a rough time with his new girlfriend. She grabbed him, threw him on the bed, tore off all his clothes and began kissing him passionately.

"Are you married?" asked the shy man.

"I was," answered the girl, encircling the young man with her arms and chawing on his ear.

"And where is your husband now?" questioned the young man.

"He's dead," replied the girl, biting the young man's neck.

"He isn't d-d-d-dead," stuttered the embarrassed male, grabbing his clothes, "he's hidin'."



NAY

What did the nanny goat say to the billy goat?

"You can go as far as you want to, tall, dark and stinky—just don't kid me."



ONLY MONEY

A famous movie star was on her way to an important screening. She was so nervous that she had to have her chauffeur stop at a service station so she could visit the rest-room. When she'd finished, she was horrified to discover that there was no paper. In desperation she called out to the woman in the next booth.

"I'm sorry, but there are only two sheets, and I need them for myself," was the mournful reply.

"Any Kleenex?" asked the star, desperately.

"Only two sheets, and I need them for myself."

"How about a newspaper?"

"Just the two sheets," answered the neighbor.

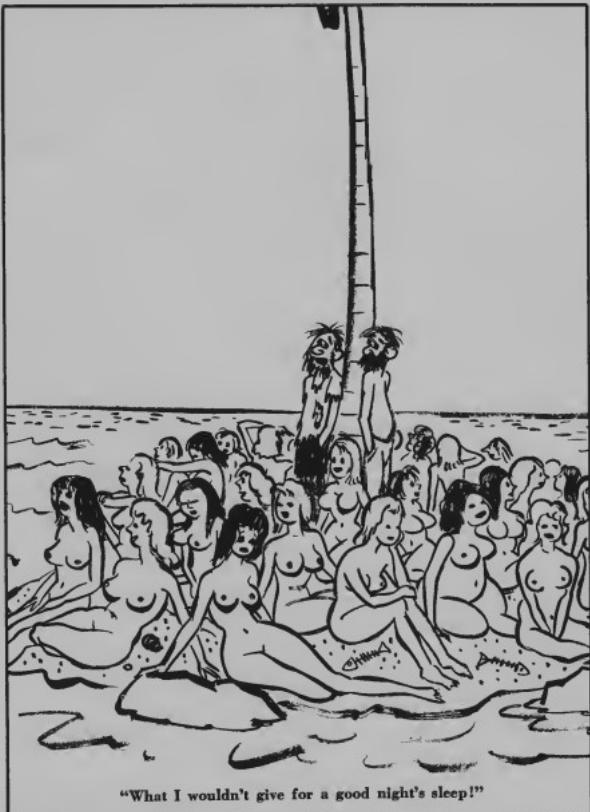
"Darling," whispered the star, huskily, "I hate to be such a crushing bore, but d'you have two fives for a ten?"



FARSIGHTED

An American was showing his friend around Paris, and for the evening's entertainment they went to the Folies Bergères.

"How do you like the seats?" asked the host.



"I don't know yet," replied his friend. "Wait until they turn around."



SWELL

Then there was the secretary who said she would do anything for a mink coat . . . and she did . . . and now she can't button it.



STRANGER

The young husband came home late one night and found his wife in bed with a strange man.

"Who is this man?" shouted the husband.

"I don't know," answered the wife. "It's a new one on me."



SCANT HELP

Herman asked his neighbor how he kept his car looking so glossy. The neighbor replied that his wife gave him all her worn-out panties, and he used these to polish this car.

Being a bachelor, Herman decided to ask his stenographer for some of hers. One day at the office he said, "By the way, Miss Jones, what do you do with your panties when you wear them out?"

"Why," she replied demurely, "if I can find them afterward, I put them back on again."



MEOW

"Have you seen Mary's new evening gown?"

"No, what does it look like?"

"In places it looks a lot like Mary."



TALL ORDER

Did you hear about the girl who ruined her health because she misunderstood the doctor's orders. She thought he said she should have three hearty males a day.

IMPATIENT

Two old maids went to Paris in a desperate attempt to find a little loving.

"Which do you desire most in your lover," asked the first, "brains, wealth or appearance?"

"Appearance," snapped the second, "and the sooner the better."



WISHFUL THINKING

The female lecturer was screaming and shouting about the wicked way her sex was treated these days.

"Is there a man among you who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."



A meek little man stood up immediately.

The female lecturer glared at him. "Do you mean you would stand by while your wife was slandered and not do a thing about it?" she screamed.

"Oh, I'm sorry," answered the little man, sitting down again, "I thought you said SLAUGHTERED."

BLACK MAGIC will conjure up five dollars to contributors for each joke used on these pages. None will be returned, and the editor's decision is final. Address them to: Editor, BLACK MAGIC, 7311 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California 91605.



*Stare at
a Satin
Latin*



Conchita Alvarez is just about the curviest cutie ever to come out of Costa Rica, and come out she did, for her native country is more noted for its coffee and banana crops than its career opportunities for beauteous señoritas. She migrated to Minnesota, which proved to be too cold for comfort, so she made a second leap, to southern California. Her beauty didn't go long unnoticed under the palm trees, and soon she was launched on a promising movie career. Bravo, Concha!





GALS, GLANDS AND GIMMICKS

By BILL PUGSLEY

Mankind has been trying to throw his sex drive into overdrive for centuries, and now we know how to do it. It's in the glands, baby!



A viewer is undoubtedly stirred by screen beauties like Natalie Wood (left) and Angie Dickinson (above).

In a darkened room, a woman pressed herself against the side of a tapered brick wall. Within seconds her flimsy blouse was ripped away, and for an instant her full breasts were partially visible to the hundreds of men and women viewing her.

This was not the surgery room of a large metropolitan hospital, but the interior of a local movie house where Samantha Eggar was enacting her traumatic emotional scene for the William Wyler thriller, *The Collector*.

A great many people were thrilled at such a blatant sex interlude. But how did Samantha become a sexy woman? Why does one female body differ so much from another? What gives one woman a forty-inch bust while another must pad up to an even thirty-two inches?

The answer is simple enough: there are glands that make you sexy! Is it possible to activate certain of these glands to improve one's body contour? According to recent experiments, this might some day be a possibility, and when that day arrives, Jayne Mansfield, Mamie Van Doren and Liz Taylor will each be "just one of the girls." Everyone—or at least everyone who wants to play the game—will be endowed with a voluptuous figure. And it won't be made of sponge rubber, but the real thing.

Seeking perfection through glandular development is certainly not a new quest. In 1550 B.C., the Ebers Papyrus was written by Egyptian priest-physicians. It included the definitions of over seven-hundred drugs. During her long reign, the Queen of Sheba insisted that all her subjects regard her legs and cleavage with awe. For had she not spent a fortune with her physicians to improve such tender areas?

The centuries passed, and men and women, still plagued with physical imperfections, still insisted that science find them a remedy. And with such a heavy demand for goods, there is always an eventual supply.

In the 16th century Paracelsus, a Swiss physician who is considered the father of pharmaceutical chemistry, stated his theory in a Latin axiom: *Similia similibus curantur*—

"Like cures like." That is to say, a diseased organ can be cured by a medicine made of the same organ.

From this one hypothesis flowed a stream of medicinal preparations made from various animal and human organs. A great many of the human extracts came from the bodies of executed criminals. Body snatching became a highly regarded profession. Female cadavers were especially sought after, and to prevent their removal by ghouls, plaques with men's names were planted over their shallow graves.

It did little good. The snatching continued, and a well-stocked European pharmacy of the 18th century contained preparations derived from a conglomerate of stolen corpses.

It wasn't until the middle of the 19th century that the first glandular experiment was carried out successfully. A German physician, A.A. Berthold, discovered the existence of endocrine substances in the blood. He experimented a great deal with animals, and even transplanted the testes of a barnyard rooster to another part of the body.

The result was incredible. There

was no noticeable loss of the cock's male characteristics. The effects of castration were well known, for this cruel operation was often performed on criminals and insane persons so they would no longer be sexually active. The same result should have happened to the luckless cock. But it didn't.

Doctor Berthold concluded that if the testes could be re-implanted elsewhere with all the normal connections severed and still remain active, then they could only be acting upon the organism by way of the blood.

This was the beginning of the scientific quest for eternal youth. An aging French countess living in Holland attempted to have the doctor kidnapped and brought to her private island off the coast of Spain. But even if her plan had succeeded, she would have learned nothing more from the young doctor. For his knowledge was limited—and another 50 years would have to pass before a startling new revelation would be made to the scientific world.

It was a warm day in June when the members of the elite Biological

(continued on page 64)



Though their actions are only on film, Raquel Welch (on the left) and Mamie Van Doren (in the suds) can accelerate an onlooker's heart and up his blood pressure.



FOCUS



ON HOCUS-POCUS



Maggie Conway has been an avid fan of the magic arts ever since her first visit to a carnival side show, back in Iowa when she was a mere seven-year-old. At that show, Maggie's dark eyes opened wide in wonderment as the fast-talking prestidigitator performed his illusions. Among them was that bewhiskered old one, the rabbit-out-of-the-hat trick—a feat that so stunned and impressed the naive little Maggie that she resolved on the spot to become a magician in her own right. For a long while, her dream seemed as likely of fulfillment as most little boys' extravagant dreams of becoming heroic, never-say-die firemen.





The story doesn't end as you might expect, with Maggie attaining her long-desired goal and reigning as "Queen of the Conjurors." Which, of course, may have worked to her advantage, for magic and the arcane arts have seen better days. Instead, Maggie found her future in New York City, where she quickly won fame as a highly creative ad writer for a Mad Ave agency. But now that she has the loot and the spare time to indulge her interests, this sweet sorceress has been dabbling in the extraordinary and the occult. She's getting pretty good at this trickery, but has no intention of leaving the advertising game. For her, the magic bit's just for fun!











THE WITCH WATCH

By Bart Hills

THE WAY-WAY OUT SIDE OF THE NEWS

A San Franciscan has invented a "no-contact, no-pressure" printing technique that can print a message on a pizza or raw egg yolk or even on sand. Maybe we'll soon be ordering our pizza with anchovies, mushrooms—and the latest news!

BREAKTHROUGH: Science has given us synthetic fabrics, the Big Bomb and rockets to the moon, and now the lab lads are on the threshold of another dramatic breakthrough—the improving of the already noble onion. They've discovered that American wild onions, which are both flavorful and aromatic, contain no lachrymator (eye irritant). If genes from these wild onions can be introduced to their civilized cousins, the result may be a new "tearless" variety. Which

would mean a brighter, dry-eyed future for onion peelers and onion lovers!

Now even psychiatric treatment is available via credit card. At least three Los Angeles head-shrinkers are accepting the cards.

WAY-OUT FUN: Now the young hippies are starting to dig the occult. In Wisconsin, they're adding spirit to their parties by holding seances and experimenting with ESP (extra-sensory perception) . . . Clevelanders are having wild old times around the ouija board . . . More on the down-to-earth side, Grand Rapids, Michigan young people are favoring a dance palace called the Edgar Allan Poe Club. Once a funeral parlor, the place has velvet couches and stained-glass windows. Ah, but the music is—*live!*

Many Southerners hold the superstitious belief that the eating of pig jowls and black-eyed peas on New Year's Day will bring good luck throughout the year.

FAR-OUT GIFT GAB: Newest additions to the canned gift scene are stretch fabric minipanties in fluorescent colors and in both men's and women's sizes. Ten dollars for a can of three . . . The most compact form of transportation yet offered is a motorized three-wheeler skateboard—\$89.95 . . . Some boat shops are stocking a line of unofficial flags to provide "off-the-record commentary on conditions aboard." The indispensable one is the Battle-ax flag, which means "wife aboard." They're \$2.70 each . . . Or how about a gold-fixed His-and-Her bathtub, in marble, for a mere \$4,000 . . . Or a white Mongolian-lamb coat with tiny bulbs that illuminate the hood and hem—\$895 . . . If you want to emulate New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, you'll get the woman in your life a blue-fox bedspread, and spend two grand in the process . . . But the gift topper—literally—is a home ski-slope that can be installed anywhere. The price: a ski-riffic \$200,000!

SHELF SAVVY: Everyone's food bills are riding the inflation skyrocket, but here's a tip that should save you a few bucks. Supermarket operators are hip to the psychologically estab-



New York Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, shown sharing a simple lunch with his wife. He gave her a lavish gift.



If this lovely supermarket shopper is hip to the grocers' strategy, she'll check the bottom shelves for bargains.

lished fact that products displayed at eye level tend to sell best. Soooo, to boost their take, these retailers fill eye-level shelves with higher profit groceries. Our tip: Always check the BOTTOM shelves for bargain buys!

In Maine, superstitious down-easters think that pouring rum on the head will prevent baldness and even cause one's hair to become curly.

SNAKE BIT: The deadly king cobra is a rarity in U.S. zoos because of the high expense

involved in procuring its preferred food—other snakes. However, keepers at the new Los Angeles zoo solved the problem by gradually weaning the zoo's 14-foot cobra away from its snake diet to one consisting of rats and horsemeat. Now, every three weeks, the keepers force-feed the cobra by grabbing its head, putting several rats and a pound of horsemeat into its mouth, and ramming the food down the snake's throat with a rod.

And the cobra's thriving under this treatment!

It wasn't until the London doll had worn her new miniskirt around Soho for an entire fortnight that she finally realized . . . the dress shop had sent her only the belt.

HE GETS THE MESSAGE: The American Broadcasting Company's Peter Jennings has some Chinese script boldly emblazoned on the pockets of all his shirts—but not for their fashion impact. It seems that his Chinese laundryman is a blind deaf mute who has only to run his fingers over the shirt pockets to "read" Mr. Jennings' instructions: DO NOT STARCH.

(continued on page 59)



French actress Francoise Hardy's skirt is about as "mini" as it can get, but a London doll wore a shorter version.





Barbie's Primitive Playmate

Each evening before retiring, Barbie Connors performs her mysterious ritual, which (prior to this) had never been witnessed, except by her sour-faced tiki image.





Now that her solo ceremony has come to light, Barbie admits that her purpose is really not mysterious. She swirls to remain svelte!





The Supercharge of

By BRUCE FLEMING /*Theirs* is often called the "weaker sex," but don't you believe it. We males should be as weak as those dynamic dolls!

The greatest fraud ever perpetrated on the male population is that old saw that says the female is the weaker sex. If you think that's a lie, just think back and ask yourself if you ever saw a man go up against a girl with no holds barred and win. Of course you didn't. If you did, it was only a mirage caused by bad booze. Just read the following, and then ask yourself if you could do any of the things girls can do, and then you'll begin to realize just who the weaker sex really is.

A GIRL CAN . . .

. . . drink seven martinis at a cocktail party, then go out and have a nine-course meal, down a whole magnum of champagne, do the Jerk and the Monkey until four o'clock in the morning, have enough strength left to fight off a love-hungry wolf at her doorstep—and the moment he's out of sight, go over to another guy's apartment for a late date.

. . . handle fourteen pieces of luggage going to and from a weekend at a guy's cabin at a lake in the mountains; hike farther, catch more fish, do all the cleaning and cooking, neck the guy into total physical exhaustion—and still get to work on time Monday morning without a single hair on her head out of place.

. . . concentrate on playing cards while gossiping on four different subjects at once, and at the same time play kneesies under the table with the husband of her best friend.

. . . while parking her car, ram the car in front of her and the car in back of her with enough force to bring on two lawsuits, and yet not suffer the slightest injury, but get out of the car, slap two male drivers for not leaving enough space for her car, and then shout to a policeman for 45 minutes that it wasn't her fault.

SHE'LL MANAGE TO . . .

. . . if she's a waitress, spill a bowl of hot soup into a man's lap, ruining his \$200 silk suit, and then lean over to wipe it off and let him

get a good look at her lace-topped bra that covers her 38-inch bosom, and make him so intent on getting a date with her when she gets off work that night that he forgets all about his ruined suit and blisters on his legs.

. . . talk on the phone for 6 hours and 37 minutes without getting even slightly winded.

. . . get married and go on a wild honeymoon during which her bridegroom won't let her out of the hotel room for three weeks, and the moment they get home, she can complain that she won't feel really married until he turns his first paycheck over to her.

. . . take a jar of olives and open it with the merest flick of a wrist, after a man has given himself a hernia and a sprained sacroiliac trying to open it for 57 minutes.

. . . work all day, then stay awake all night until 6:30 a.m. waiting for her drinking husband to come home from a bender, put him to bed, do the laundry, go to



the Doll Brigade

her job all day, come home, forgive him and then go out dancing all night.

. . . walk around all evening while wearing a 15-pound earring on each ear without even buckling at the knees.

. . . take a 37-pound turkey out of a hot oven, put it on a platter, and carry it into the dining room without spilling one drop of gravy or screaming profanity all over the place loud enough for the neighbors to call the cops because somebody's disturbing the peace.

A DOLL'S ABLE TO . . .

. . . trot around to fourteen different department stores for seven hours without even taking a breather on a bar stool.

. . . hold two large bundles of canned goods for 35 minutes while waiting for a bus, and then hold them for 15 minutes more while finding her bus fare and depositing it, shift them around so she can pull up her stockings, pull down her girdle, tuck in her blouse, and

then bawl out 14 different male passengers on the bus for not getting up and giving her a seat.

. . . take the noise of a vacuum cleaner, a garbage disposal, a dish-washing machine, the TV set, four kids dancing rock'n'roll, two more crying and bawling, and talk to her mother on the phone at the same time.

. . . chew an over-cooked steak as easily as eating ice cream, whereas a man eating the same steak would spend an hour picking up pieces of his teeth off the floor.

. . . walk into a shoe store and try on 67 different pairs of shoes, and still have enough strength left to bawl out the salesman for not having anything that really interests her, and then trot out of the store and walk miles to another store and do the same thing all over again.

. . . talk on the telephone, smoke a cigarette, put on her makeup and manicure her toenails at the same time.

. . . weep, sob, cry, and throw a tantrum for hours and then have enough strength left to go out shopping for the new coat that the whole argument started over.

AND SHE CAN . . .

. . . park in a lonely spot with a man, and the moment he makes a pass at her, punch him in the nose, put a gash in his scalp that requires 14 stitches to close—and then bawl him out for making her forget she's a lady.

. . . come up with enough strength in her arms to keep them over her head for two hours at a time while she puts curlers in her hair, and then for another hour while she takes them out.

. . . throw a better block than a defensive tackle for the Green Bay Packers when she's racing a man for a seat on the subway or a bus.

. . . pick up a baby carriage with twins in it and tuck it under her arm and carry it around for hours while she wanders through dress shops.

. . . be cast away on a desert island with six young, strong virile men, and live to bury every one of them.

. . . out-run her boss around the desk in his office for over two hours, then meet a handsome salesman for a necking session in a closet until quitting time, and then go directly on a weekend with the executive vice-president of the company—without even breathing hard.

. . . if she's a nurse in a hospital, hold a 200-pound male patient out at arm's length while she gives him a bath, changes the bed, avoids his advances, and keep up a running chatter with three other nurses on how they made out on their dates with the internes the night before.



. . . come home from work, and in six minutes, jump out of her clothes, take a shower, fix her hair, put on new make-up, struggle into a girdle that's three sizes too small for her, and greet her date at the door with a full pitcher of martinis.

PLUS BEING ABLE TO . . .

. . . shampoo her hair, shave her legs, fix the strap on a bra, shorten the hem on a dress, and experiment with some new eyeshadow at the same time she's setting the table and cooking dinner for a candlelight affair she's trying to impress a new man with.

. . . dance with one man, flirt with another, make signals to three others that she'll meet them in their cars in the parking lot at three different times, and still keep the man she's dancing with so interested in her that he can't wait to call her for a date the next day.

. . . be sitting around her apartment in old slacks and a sweater, exhausted from a late date the night before, get a phone call from a girlfriend fixing her up with a date in 15 minutes, and in four minutes she can straighten up her

whole apartment, get dressed, and go out and dance until 3 a.m., and gain two pounds from eating chili and beans, a chocolate malted, and three hamburgers, and then come home and sleep like a baby.

. . . if she's a chorus cutie, rehearse the most strenuous dances all day, dance in the show that night, and still have enough strength left to carry on four affairs with backers of the show on four evenings a week, and still devote the other three nights to her steady boyfriend.

. . . play five fast sets of tennis, do a dozen laps in an Olympic-sized swimming pool, go back to the locker room and take a shower and get dressed, and spend the rest of the evening trailing a boyfriend she's suspicious of all over the county until she catches him, and works him and the girl he's cheating with over, and then talk her way out of the whole deal with the local police.

. . . pick fourteen different colors she wants her apartment painted with, and watch a crew of five painters work for two weeks painting the place, then put her

hands on her hips, stand with her legs apart, look all of them defiantly in the eye and tell them the place looks like hell, kick them out and refuse to pay them—and then paint the place herself, just the way she wants it.

SHE CAN EVEN . . .

. . . drive her car into a filling station, pull her skirt up a little to expose some thigh to the attendant, and then tell him that although she buys her gas and oil at another station, she likes the way he wipes the windshield, checks the water, tires and battery at his station—and lean back and laugh while the guy gives himself a hernia trying to please her.

. . . squeeze into an elevator crowded with men, feel somebody get fresh with her, put six males out of action by stamping on their insteps with her needle heels; put five more away with knees to the groin; put the rest of them out of action with karate chops to the back of their necks; and step out on the 37th floor looking like she had just stepped out of a bandbox.

. . . work like a slave all day at her job and still go out and do the Swim and the Jerk and the Monkey and make love all night, every night, until she's 89 years old.

. . . go through the nervous strain of shopping for clothes and all the other tension-filled details of getting ready for her wedding, go through with the ceremony and the reception, leave on the honeymoon, make herself as attractive as possible before she goes to bed, make love with her bridegroom until the guy is a total physical wreck, and then stay awake the rest of the night talking about the details of the wedding and every person who attended, while the poor bridegroom, just before he passes out, thinks about the fact that this is only the beginning of his life with "The Weaker Sex"?



Relentlessly her eyes drilled into my soul, urging me to join her. I slid the safety catch off and pressed the barrel of the gun to my heart.

As my finger tightened on the trigger, the memory of Alice's face crossed my mind, and, in that instant, Mashallah's power seemed to diminish. I realized that I was about to kill myself. My hand whipped outward; the gun crashed against the far wall of the room.

Mashallah looked at me with contempt in her eyes. "So, tonight it is the same. But you will come, you know that. You are mine, and you always will be."

She stood up and there was a whisking sound as of gathering wind. Her body dissolved into a mass of glowing, whirling flakes that spun through the room.

A mirror lifted itself from the mantle and crashed to the floor. Books, sucked from their shelves, wheeled across the room. Alice's framed photograph rose from a table, spun crazily in the center of the whirlwind and then hurtled against the wall.

There was a sharp crackling sound and a tiny flash of lightning went from the whirling cloud to the photo. It burst into flame, and within a second was a charred bit of ash. Then Mashallah was gone.

I sank back against the pillow. My hand flopped toward the nightstand, and, with trembling fingers, I lit a cigarette. I tried to tell myself it had been only a nightmare, but I knew from the scattered books, the charred photo, and the faint scent of myrrh that the visitation had been quite real.

My situation was impossible. I couldn't marry Alice unless Mashallah returned alone to the underworld. I was not sure that I had the power to resist again as I had tonight. If I married Alice, it would mean exposing her to Mashallah. Perhaps I would succumb to her and kill myself, leaving Alice a widow.

Perhaps I should stop fighting and accept the eternal happiness Mashallah offered. That would leave Alice free. She would never understand, but it might be the best thing for all of us.

Throughout the next day, I moved like an automaton. My usually stable hand caused me to use the eraser more than the pencil, and it often seemed that a finely molded face with intense black eyes stared at me from my drafting board.

Alice invited me to dinner at her apartment. After we had finished dinner, we sat on the long green couch in her apartment.

"Larry," Alice said as though annoyed, "you seem to be off somewhere in a dream world. What's bothering you?"

"You," I answered and put my arm around her waist.

She moved into my arms, her lips parted seductively. There was a fullness to her kiss, a feeling of wholesome love that I had never known with any other woman.

When our lips parted, she cuddled against me. I saw small jewel-like tears at the corners of her tightly closed eyes as she said, "Larry, Larry, I love you. I love you so much it hurts."

The next kiss was long and deep, and brought all of my longing for this girl that had built up over the months into sharp focus. Very softly, with my lips close to her ear, I whispered, "Darling, I need you."

"Love me enough not to ask that, Larry."

Long ago, Alice had explained to me why she felt as she did about premarital sex. Her mother had been quite liberal with her favors, and every time her parents got into a fight, her father brought up the fact that not only himself but "every guy in town" had been in her mother's bed. Her father was never quite convinced that her mother was not still taking other men to bed.

One afternoon, following a particularly bitter fight, Alice's mother went into the bathroom and cut her wrists. She was dead before anyone came home.

Alice knew that her mother was not only innocent of any infidelity, but loved her father very much. She said it was because her father never believed her mother that she had killed herself. To avoid any possibility of a repetition of that in her own life, Alice was determined to

remain a virgin until she was married.

An angry rustling sound invaded the living room. The windows rattled and the flowers on the coffee table in front of the couch nodded as if in a violent draft.

Burning wires of terror slashed through me. Alice looked at me as if she thought I'd gone mad as I stood up and looked around the room. The faint but unmistakable scent of myrrh flickered into my nostrils.

"No!" I pleaded. "Not here, please, not here!"

"What is it, Larry, what's wrong?" Alice asked, her face paling as though she knew I was genuinely frightened.

She screamed as a whirling mist appeared in the center of the room and moved toward us, slowly elongating to the shape I had come to dread.

I wanted to tell Alice to get out of the room, but I could not speak nor move. I could only stand entranced by the ancient dark eyes boring into my soul like steel drills.

"What is it?" Alice asked, pressing herself back against the wall.

Mashallah's image snapped into full startling focus. She appeared as solid and real as any woman who had ever lived.

Her voice echoed in the room as she said, "Larry, go into the kitchen. Take a knife from the drawer. Return here."

I was incapable of refusing. I returned in a moment with a thin-bladed carving knife.

"Raise the knife to your heart," Mashallah commanded.

"No, Larry, no!" Alice forced the scream through her terror.

I backed away from Mashallah, holding the knife uncertainly as Alice's words mingled with Mashallah's command.

"You are coming with me, Larry, now. Tonight. You want to. You know you want to. We belong to each other."

It was as though my mind were filled with dense fog. I looked dumbly at the gleaming blade in my hand, then back to the intense dark face. Yes, I loved Mashallah. We belonged together.

(continued on page 73)

A Provincial's Parisian Pad

When Lise Saget finally found the pad she'd been searching all over Paris for, she flashed a triumphant smile.







Lise is a provincial, you see, and she was so overwhelmed by the impact of her first visit to Paris that she was unable to shuck her uneasy feeling until she finally had her own nesting place.





THE LEPRECHAUN'S SEX HEX

(continued from page 24)

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"Dinner out, and maybe a show. I'm not kidding, Helene—I've thought about you constantly."

"And I've thought about you," she said, very softly, very shyly. "Instead of going out, why couldn't we have dinner at my place?"

Hot diggity! thought Reilly as he took down the directions.

Her apartment was simple and slightly on the artistic side, with many books and some excellent prints. Even an easel.

"I paint a little," she admitted.

"You must show me your work," Reilly said automatically.

"Not for five years," she smiled. "Or as long as it takes me to reach my goals."

"I'm so used to Madison Avenue hacks," Reilly said wryly. "All of whom claim they could do something great if they only had the time. Well—more power to you."

The supper was good—a tasty stew and trimmings. Afterward, she served Irish whisky and coffee.

They moved to the couch.

"You mentioned you lived with your brother," Reilly said.

"He works at night," she said. She was sitting a little distance from him, her coffee on her lap. She wore a simple blouse and skirt, and no make-up. She wasn't glamorous—but to Reilly she looked fresh and more enticing than he'd thought she could look.

He moved closer to her. She didn't move away.



"Hey, Charlie, come on in. We're going to play spin the bottle."

He made his voice low and vibrant. "I've thought about you all the time," he said.

"I hope you mean that," she said. Her voice also was low, almost tremulous.

"I do mean it," he said. "I've even dreamed about you!" He paused—the stricken pause of a man in the grip of something beyond his control. "Helene!" he whispered. He reached out and took the coffee cup from her lap and put it on the low table. "Helene!" he whispered, cupping her chin with a hand and turning her face toward him.

He lifted her face, ready to kiss her.

Her expression was quietly intent, deadly serious. It stopped him in his tracks for a moment.

"I hope you mean what's going to happen as I mean it," she whispered. "I've loved you since the moment I saw you. I—I hope you love me . . . because I'm not going to stop you . . ."

"I do love you," he said fiercely. And he pulled her to him and they kissed. His tongue touched her lips and her mouth opened beneath his. In all, it was quite a long and wonderful kiss.

When the kiss ended, Reilly hiccupped.

"I do love you, li'l shweetheart," he said thickly. He hiccupped again. "Hey—lesh do what loversh oughta do! Lesh have a real ball!"

She drew away from him, staring. "You sound drunk! After only one whisky?"

"Who caresh!" he mumbled. "C'mon, shweetheart! Lesh not washte time!" And his hand shot out and ripped at the neck of her blouse. The blouse came away, revealing her perfect breasts, *sans brassiere*.

She tried to stand up. "Please . . ."

He pulled her down again, fingers fumbling at her skirt. She pushed him away and stood up angrily. "You are drunk, and you're acting like an animal. Stop it, please!"

"I couldn't be drunk! I wonder if that lousy leprechaun . . ." He stood up and lurched toward her. "Well, the hell with it, shweetheart. I'll show him if he can shtop me . . . c'mere!"

"Leprechaun!" she said, in a startled, thoughtful voice. She twisted away from his grasp. "No! No!"

At that moment, the door opened.

A young man stood there. He was very tall, very muscular—and suddenly very angry. He deliberately placed a tool kit on a chair, and advanced toward the paralyzed Reilly.

"Bill!" Helene gasped.

"I got off early, sis," her brother said. "Looks like it was lucky I did."

Bill Rourke grabbed Reilly by the shirt-front and swung back an arm for a mighty blow.

"No!" Helene cried. "Don't hit him, Bill!"

Bill held the blow, staring at his sister. "Who is this filthy drunk? Why shouldn't I knock his head off?"

"I don't think he's drunk," Helene said quietly. "Let him go."

Bill released Reilly, who sagged to sit on the couch. Bill stood over him, still looking ready to swat him.

Reilly looked up at Helene guiltily. "I don't feel drunk any more. W-what happened?"

"You know perfectly well what happened," she said grimly. "Look at me. Now, tell me about the leprechaun."

Reilly told her.

"So he placed a curse upon you," she said. "To the effect that you couldn't enjoy the embraces of a woman as long as you were in Eire. Not even—" her quiet voice was bitter—"when you lied and told them you loved them."

Reilly looked away. "I'm one lousy heel, aren't I?"

"You're a man," she said, "and just about typical, I suppose. I didn't think I was falling in love with an angel. And, frankly, I don't want you to think that I was entirely convinced of every word you said."

Reilly looked at her. His voice was miserable. "You're quite a woman," he said. "I'm almost glad the leprechaun's magic interfered."

"Well," she said. "Now there's that to contend with." Her eyes were deep, dark and speculative. "It's no

(continued on page 66)

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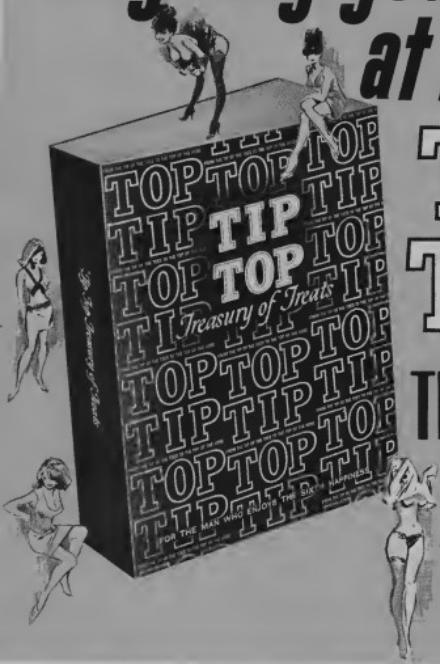
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HOLLYWOOD'S 'SIN INN'
(continued from page 17)

Then late one night, Goulding called Lupe Velez and told her that Flynn was madly in love with her and that she should immediately go over to see him.

Flynn's phone rang at 1 A.M.—so insistently that he could not ignore it.

"Fleen, dar-rling, why did you not tell me before of your lov? I am coming right over, dar-rling!"

"No, no, Lupe. Please don't come over tonight. I'm very tired and I have to get up at six o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Poor dar-rling! That is a shame, but I will fix that. I will be right over!"

"No, no, ple—"

The line was dead.

Flynn recalled that it seemed only a matter of minutes before she was at the door. He let her in, and she made straight for his bedroom and began to undress. He stood there watching her, and suddenly he was not as tired as he had imagined.

Some months later, feeling that his private life at the Garden was anything but that, Flynn rented a house on Lookout Mountain, overlooking Hollywood, and he and Lili moved in.

One evening, a short time later, a group partying at the Bear Trap heard a great crash from up in the hills. Bogart held up a hand for silence.

"Sounds," he said, "like Flynn's losing the Battle of The Little Big Horn for the second time!"

The fame of the Garden of Allah and its inhabitants spread far and wide, and after a while the hired help was composed largely of aspiring actors and actresses, budding authors, would-be composers, seers, soothsayers and out-and-out con men.

A bus boy who was taking a course in writing chose Robert Benchley for his target. Roland Young told him that Benchley had a great deal of influence with the editors of all the national magazines.

In front of Benchley, the bus boy never spoke in a normal manner. At dinner, as soon as Benchley was through with a dish or a plate, he would dash up and say:

(continued on page 72)

THE WITCH WATCH

(continued from page 43)

His apple crop severely damaged by a hail-storm, an Oregon farmer marketed the imperfect fruit as "Hail-Marked apples"—and got a premium price for them!

RUSSIAN RUMBLE: Russian scientists are investigating a so-called "singing mountain" in the desert south of Kazakhstan. According to Soviet news agency Tass, the mountain "rumbles" when the wind rises—or when people or animals are wandering along its slopes. In wet weather, however, the mountain refuses to "sound off."

When put in a bag, sand from the mountain "retains for some time the ability to give hooting noises when stirred," adds Tass.

The rumbling rockpile is located 85 miles east of Alma Ata, the central Asian republic's capital. It's now been placed under state protection by the Russian government.

In 1901, famed sharpshooter Annie Oakley was involved in a railroad accident near Wheeling, West Virginia. Within a few hours after the accident, Annie's hair turned snow white.

THE NICOTINE SCENE: Smoke if you've got 'em, but don't puff your cigarettes down to short butts—it's a dangerous practice. According to the American Cancer Society, as a cigarette shortens, the nicotine content becomes concentrated, and the final puffs on a brief butt are loaded with the noxious substance.

If you favor the non-filter brands, it's best to smoke them no shorter than 23 millimeters—a bit less than one inch. For filter brands, puff no more when you're down to three millimeters of cigarette (plus the length of the filter).

And for another puffing plus, select a brand that's low in tar and nicotine.

If your wife or girlfriend has inadequate breastwork and is interested in doing something about it, have her write the American Board of Plastic Surgery, 4647 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis 8, Missouri. They'll come through with the address of a plastic surgeon near you—one who's expert at performing mammalian BLACK MAGIC!

COURTSHIP CLASS: In Whitworth, England, the County Secondary School has introduced a course on courtship as part of the school program. Taught by a 24-year-old female biology teacher, the class delves into "every facet of adult life," says Headmaster Jack Featherstone. "We do not stop at the question of relationship between the sexes—courtship, infatuation, love-at-first-sight, engagement and marriage."

And though the British are supposedly staid, few parents have objected to the zingy new course. In fact, only one boy (out of a class of 60) has been withheld from the course by his parents.



An Oregon farmer figured out an ingenious way to get apple enthusiasts like this cute girl to buy his damaged crop.



This nicotine-nutty girl should take a fresh-air break and listen to some newly revealed advice for cigarette smokers.



Tessie, the Timber-Topper



True, a tree is just a tree, but when untamed and terrific Tessie Thompson is in the mood for a swinging session in tall timbersville, some of the big ones are sure to bite the dust. She wields the ax with considerably more authority than your average doll, and with good reason. Tessie, you see, is a native of the State of Washington, and during the years when all little girls are supposedly playing with dolls, this gal got her adolescent kicks by learning to fell big trees.

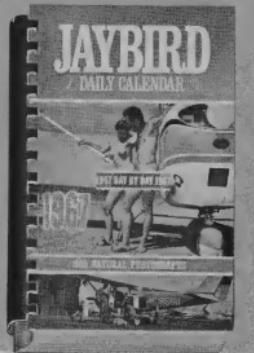






To the casual observer, a brisk session of this let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may ax-swinging may appear to be a rather unfeminine diversion, and it's quite true that most females manage to get through life without taking a crack at being an amateur lumberjack. But upon further consideration, some of its beneficial effects come to light. For one thing, it gets its practitioners out in the sun and fresh air, and that can't be anything but good for the health. "I've never had a sick day in my life," says Tessie, and it's her belief that her ax-wielding has been responsible. Tessie's unconventional "sport" maintains each of her curves in top trim, too, a fact to which all of the accompanying photos attractively attest. If other gals found out what it's done for Tessie, the woods'd be filled with ax-swinging sweeties!

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GALS, GLANDS AND GIMMICKS

(continued from page 35)

Society of Paris received a most unusual guest. His name was Charles Edouard Brown-Sequard, and he seemed to radiate with a strange energy. What made this even more unusual was the astounding fact that he was well over 70!

Much younger men of the Association marveled at Brown-Sequard's casual virility. It was rumored that he kept several mistresses busy day and night. One was later sent to an institution for a rest, but she was eager to return as soon as her strength was regained.

How was such vigor possible in a septuagenarian? According to Brown-Sequard, he had merely injected a preparation derived from the testes of a vigorous male hound just beneath his skin. The energy of that lively animal, he claimed, was diverted to his own aging body.

This incredible explanation introduced a new dimension to the world of endocrinology. Apparently glands were separate from the nervous system and, to a large extent, independent of it. If, somehow, a serum could be isolated, then indeed the nectar of eternal youth would certainly burst forth.

Again a length of time had to pass before more secrets were revealed to man. Only during the last decade

have scientists delved into the complex world of hormones—and this promises to be the true key to the "fountain of eternal youth," although the question still arises as to how much of the result is psychological and how much is physical.

During the shooting of the motion picture, *Bus Riley's Back In Town*, it was decided by the higher powers that Ann-Margret's sex image would be changed. The original script by William Inge had her as a snarling witch. This was "adjusted," and the change could well be compared to a glandular atrophy. Her sexual attributes were projected via physical motions, such as licking the ends of her fingers and undulating her thighs during a pool sequence.

All of which proves that even the mighty Hollywood producers can't ignore the power of the glands for that very important Sex Image.

Probably the most baffling of these glands is the elusive pituitary, which is lodged within the skull near the mysterious hypothalamus. This is the exact center of the emotions in their most primitive form, undirected by the higher brain centers. The pituitary is about the size of an un-



Sophia Loren and Jayne Mansfield have few peers in the shape department, but one day the girl next door may be able to match these two curve for curve.

developed olive and hangs, like a bean on a short stem, below the brain.

With our extended knowledge of the glands, is it possible to increase one's sexual drive? As yet no pill which is safe and "natural" to the system has been developed. Errol Flynn, who was equipped by nature with all the sex drive he could handle, claimed he could make it twelve times a night—and more if there was a pillow handy to rest his head upon between interludes. There is no doubt Flynn had a very active thyroid.

The thyroid produces a powerful extract, and science has discovered a dynamic example of its end result. The axolotl, an oversized tadpole-like salamander, actually changes from a water-dweller to a land-dweller when given a shot of this extract.

The adrenal glands can cause an emotional storm or calm, depending upon the chemical "mood" of the individual. During sex play a woman might cause a chemical change in this gland, although, of course, she is unaware of this and merely follows the direction her body elements take her.

Little known among the gland functioning is the powerful stimulus of the adrenal hormones. Just by observing, say, Raquel Welch, Natalie Wood, or Angie Dickinson undress herself before her boudoir mirror—even though all her actions are only on film—can stir an onlooker's adrenal fluids into charging action. The heart will accelerate, the blood pressure rise and the skin prickle along the hair line.

Imagine what would happen if the real thing were nestled up beside you at that very moment. Many a man has died in bed with a most peculiar grin on his face!

There is no doubt that the adrenals are the workhorse of the sex act. They stimulate the liver to release its store of sugar and speed up its manufacture of more of this fuel for muscular action. They contract blood vessels, diverting blood from the skin and raising the pressure at which it is pumped

through the brain, lungs and muscles.

At the same time all this activity is taking place, the ability of the blood to coagulate is increased. If by chance a long fingernail should inadvertently dig into your ribs, the blood is ready to clot at a moment's notice.

Unfortunately, many people have the wrong idea about the potential energy of the glands that make you sexy. For years it was believed that children between the ages of 6 and 12 had absolutely no sex interest.

Recently, however, it was discovered that in primitive cultures, very young children carried on in a most adult fashion. And according to research by Doctor Ramsey, many children in this country who have not yet reached the adolescent stage are actively engaged in sexual intercourse.

It has long been understood that the glands have a great deal to do with the production of human life. The pituitary stimulates the gonads into action by sending out its gonadotrophic hormone, which produces the ova and spermatozoa. This fluid is not meant to be stored in the body, but released when the sex urge takes over.

Although much exploration has taken place regarding glandular activity, there is still a great deal of mystery involved in their operation. One of the most perplexing is the pineal body tucked under a mass of nerve fibers that form the center of the cerebrum.

In the 17th century, René Descartes, philosopher and mathematician, found his way to the pineal body and, by mathematical deduction, declared it to be the seat of the soul! Nothing from that day has been added to this knowledge.

Perhaps Descartes was correct. Maybe the soul of a man does direct his glands, which in turn creates his physical being. How ironic it would be that if, in the end, we discovered we are only what we think we are!

But in the meantime, take care of those glands, and if you really want to be sexy—think sexy!

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SOLID ADVICE

For years, the women's mags have been squealing on us guys, telling the dolls what kind of shuffle to expect from us, as well as how to handle the whole bit. It's been a style-cramper, to say the least.

Finally, in the last issue of BLACK MAGIC, the info started going the other way. In "Beware The Steno Stalk!" the male office-worker got some solid advice on how to avoid the clutches of the marriage-minded steno set.

It was a gas to read—and I'm taking the advice, too!

Claude/Kansas City, Mo.

*

TREND WATCHER

I've been buying your publication ever since volume one, number one, so I guess I qualify as a "regular reader." Your photos continue to swing, and lately I've been pleasantly surprised by the new features ("The Witch Watch" and "The Ghost Post"), as well as the trend toward more and better articles and humor.

To sum up my feelings about your magazine: More than ever, I like it!

Burt/Lincoln, Neb.

*

HE DOUBTS IT

So Hollywood's pin-up dolls are loaded with savvy, eh? Oh, come on, Matt Lee, old buddy—you've just gotta be putting us on!

Mark/San Francisco

*

Address letters to: Editor, BLACK MAGIC, 7311 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California 91605.

THE LEPRECHAUN'S SEX HEX (continued from page 57)

coincidence that he permitted you to see me—and to stub your lecherous toe on me. The little devil knew exactly what he was doing."

Reilly's face was suddenly hopeful. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," she said, "that one modern Irish girl in a hundred-thousand would know what to do about your problem. I'm one of them. I've kept up with the *old knowledge*, made a study of it. Call it a hobby, my passionate friend."

"You can get rid of the curse?" Reilly breathed. "How?"

"He told you how," she said contemptuously. "You're just not Irishman enough to have known his meaning! Damned if I can see why I should help you—but I will."

The night was again dark, warm, quiet, fragrant. Moonlight danced on the wind ripples of the leprechaun's lake.

Reilly and Helene Rourke stood on the shore.

"Will it really work?" Reilly whispered. "Is it *that* simple?"

"Not so simple," she said. "How would a water leprechaun be able to get it? The poor little spirit can't leave his lake."

"Hey!" Reilly called softly, facing the lake. "Hey, leprechaun! We brought you something—something terrific . . . if you'll only call off the curse!"

"Oh, be quiet," Helene said. "He's probably busy helping the fish to find food or cleaning toxic debris off the bottom." She was swiftly peeling off her clothes, and finally she stood nude except for underpants. "I have to go down and look for him." She held out her hand.

Reilly gave her the full fifth of Irish whisky.

She walked into the lake and disappeared.

A minute passed.

She surfaced near the center of the lake, waved to Reilly and dove again.

Another minute passed.

Two heads surfaced near the same spot. Helene's and the leprechaun's.

The leprechaun held the bottle of Irish whisky. He pulled the cork and drank deeply. He wheezed out a breath and hiccupped. He carefully

corked the bottle again, and looked at Reilly on the shore. He raised a tiny arm and waved it in the air. "I have withdrawn the curse!" the creature called. "In gratitude for this wonderful gift! Let me add that this is quite a girl who brought it to me—*quite* a girl! And, now, American, *behave yourself!* I'll still be keeping an eye on you!"

The leprechaun dove, happily clutching the bottle as he vanished.

Helene had reached shore.

Reilly looked at her body—fresh, slender, gleaming with water. He looked at her face—fresh, strong, intelligent, not too beautiful; nor very friendly, at the moment.

"Okay," Reilly said, looking at the spot where the leprechaun had disappeared. "Keep your eye on me. I feel an uncommon impulse to pursue this relationship as a gentleman. If any relationship still exists."

Helene came to his side, fingering water out of her ears. "What did you say?"

"Nothing," Reilly said. He reached out a hand and gently peeled a strand of hair away from her eyes. He took off his coat and gave it to her for use as towel.

She looked sharply at him, and then not so sharply as she saw his expression.

"If I were to make a pass at you, now," he said, "a quiet, gentle, affectionate, but very ardent pass—the leprechaun might not stop me. And you wouldn't stop me because you still love me, as mad as you are."

He bent to pick up her blouse and skirt. He handed them to her. He also handed her something that jingled. "Here are your car keys," he said. "I'll walk back to town to blow off some biological steam. Will you have dinner with me, tomorrow night—out?"

Two months later, Reilly said, "A rowboat . . . in Central Park Lake . . . at three o'clock of an August morning! What a wild, wonderful place for a honeymoon episode!"

Helene raised her head to stop his words with a kiss.

Central Park Lake doesn't have a leprechaun. But its water gnome tactfully looked away . . .





THE TATTLER AND THE RATTLER

Sonya Sommers ended her college education only a few years ago, yet she has already won her place

in the journalistic sun. She's a top gossip-columnist for a show-biz sheet.





During the course of her work, Sonya turns up many a gossip tidbit of info about this or that movie star's private life. This makes interesting reading for the public, but some show-biz folks get a bit unhappy if Sonya's pillar reveals too much of their off-camera personalities. One such star, a popular Western-movie hero, sent Sonya a stuffed rattle, along with a note which implied that Sonya, like the reptile, had a nasty, poisonous manner. It was meant to devastate Sonya.



The only trouble was, Sonya wasn't the least bit broken up by the note, and the stuffed snake won a place in her heart—AND in her den, where it quickly became a cute and cuddly addition to the room's decor. So the movie actor's attempt at insulting Sonya really bombed out in a large way, indeed. This doll's a real pro of a gossip columnist who's learned to shrug off all such ill-intended criticism of her work. In her lazy hours, she's witty and easy to get along with, a real swinging tattler!





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HOLLYWOOD'S 'SIN INN'

(continued from page 58)

"If it pleases you, sir, may I remove this plate from your presence?" Or, "I trust that all of us are rendering our most capable services."

Then there was the chambermaid who left penned lyrics in Cole Porter's villa. A notable example was:

*Why do I cry in the springtime,
Why do I cry in the fall,
'Cause it breaks my heart,
Otis, mine,
That you don't love me at all!*

Paul Whiteman, with a serious face, told Porter that in the future he was going to carefully scan all of his work to make sure he didn't steal this talented person's lyrics.

While the help lay siege to the Garden and its inhabitants, the place was haunted by out-of-work actors and actresses looking for roles.

One notable instance concerned an actress who later became very famous (she still is, for that matter). Hearing that a certain producer was casting the role of a lady of questionable virtue, she barged in on the producer one evening—only to find that another actress had made the scene before her.

In the verbal tilt that ensued, our heroine shouted, for all to hear, "That part was made for me! I was a bum long before she ever was!"

Life was never dull at the Garden of Allah.

As fame and riches—and possibly a desire for more privacy than the Garden afforded—oversaw some of its inhabitants, they bought large homes and moved away. And for each one who moved out, there were a dozen waiting to get in. So through the years, the Garden of Allah continued to sport a list of famous guests that was never equaled by any other spot in Hollywood.

Then the modernization mania that drives the Americans to tear down and obliterate symbols of its happier yesterdays, its touches of nostalgia and even moments of history, decreed that the Garden of



Actress Nazimova created the Garden.

Allah had to go. It was standing in the way of progress.

During the last week of the Garden's existence, the "names" that had reason to tenderly, happily and even sadly remember it came to say goodbye. When it was time to go, they left with the feeling that an old friend was passing out of existence.

It was the end of an era for Hollywood.

The happy madness that had been the Garden of Allah was best defined by W. C. Fields. When asked by a pompous lady how anyone avoided D. T.'s at that awful place, Fields replied:

"Avoid D. T.'s! Why, madam, it's practically a requirement for residence!"



TREASURE FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB

(continued from page 51)

I brought the knife up to my chest, felt its tip bite into the flesh, felt the warm blood begin to flow from the tiny cut. Why had I feared this? It hurt not at all.

"Larry—drop that knife!" Alice pleaded. She started to run to me.

Mashallah raised her hand, and Alice stopped as though a thick glass wall had been placed in front of her.

"She'll soon forget you. Come with me, to the land where life is never-ending. It is within your grasp."

Alice cried out, "I love you, Larry. Stay with me."

The remembrance of her kiss raced through me. I looked at the knife and my grip relaxed.

"Use it," said Mashallah. "I offer you an eternity of love, not the few years she can give you. Deny me now and I will destroy you."

The threat was quite real. She could destroy the mummy in our tomb.

I stumbled against the far wall, looking from one woman to the other. Did I really love Alice enough to give up all hope of ever entering the home of my gods?

I watched the knife rise and my arm stiffen, ready to plunge it into my body.

Alice called to me. "Larry, you want me—then take me now!"

I looked at her. She stood naked, her clothes scattered around her. The breasts I had imagined for so long were now bared to me. She cradled them in her hands, pushing them out toward me. "I love you, Larry. Come kiss me—make love to me."

As I drank in the sight of her body, I knew what it meant to Alice to do this. Terrified and involved in something she did not understand, her love for me was great enough to spur her to do the one thing which might break Mashallah's spell.

And it worked. The hand holding the knife sank to my side.

Mashallah's face was alive with anger. "Take him!" she yelled at Alice. "Watch him grow old and die! By Kalganos and all the gods of Egypt, I curse you! You may cheat me of this final triumph, but I have had my vengeance."

Her eyes flashed as she looked at me. "You let me drown. We were due to have fifty years of happiness, but you led me out too far that day at the beach. You cheated me of those years just as you did in Egypt long ago. We were murdered then only because you insisted on making love while the Hyksos soldiers invaded our city. Had it not been for that, we would have escaped. This life was given us to rectify that, but again you allowed me to die. But you have paid and paid dearly for it."

Her eyes seemed to swell to enormous size, coming closer and closer until I was engulfed in their dark depths. And I saw again the interior of our tomb. The lid of my sarcophagus had been lifted away. And against one wall lay the unravelled bindings of the mummy it had contained. The mummy itself had been broken and crushed. There was no question but that Mashallah had done all of this on the very day she drowned. From that day on, there was no afterlife for me. Her entreaties to join her in the land of the gods had been false and empty. As vengeance, she wanted to see me die the most final of all deaths. That I had had no control over the accident at the beach made no difference. She believed I was to blame, and nothing I could do or say would convince her otherwise.

The vision faded and again Mashallah appeared mortal. "Feel the decay growing within you," she chanted. "Watch this woman become senile. Feel the years killing you bit by piece, weighing you down, breaking your mind and body. Then think of me and wish you had not let me die that day."

The wind swirled softly through the room and Mashallah dissolved into it.

I moved unsteadily toward Alice and took her in my arms. Her soft blonde hair trickled through my fingers and the excited rhythm of her heart matched that of mine. We were only mortal; this was the only life we would ever have. And from that second on, I intended to enjoy every moment of it to the fullest.



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Renee Sessions, the swingy, zingy redhaired doll whose fresh-faced personality brightens these pages, might, with full justification, be called a "double rebel," or, if not that, perhaps a "reb rebel."

RENEE, THE REDHAIRRED REB





In the first place, Renee hails from Mississippi, which is as Deep South as you can get. That qualifies Renee as a rebel, of course. In the second place, she's a way-out gal who's in revolt against the conventional kind of behavior which society's squares expect of everyone. And that's what makes this beauty a "double rebel."









Renee resides in San Francisco now, where individual quirks of personality or behavior are more acceptable than in the tiny Mississippi town where she was born. She likes to do the latest dance on the cable cars (musically accompanied by the clanging), have a Chinese dinner, instead of turkey, for Thanksgiving, and would love to do some fishing off the Golden Gate bridge some time. In restaurants, she orders her baked potatoes with the butter UNDER the spud. Some kook!



Ahoy, mates! Here's a pirate's treasure
of man-sized entertainment, every page
awash with golden moments. Sit back and
enjoy a cover-to-cover voyage on the
seven seas of pleasure. **BLACK MAGIC!**



VINTAGE

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